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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

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I SHALL not at preſent enter into the great queſtion between the ancients and the moderns; much leſs ſhall I preſume to decide upon a point of that importance, which has been the ſubject of debate among the learned from the days of Horace down to ours. To make my court to the learned, I will lament the gradual decay of human nature, for theſe laſt ſixteen centuries; but at the ſame time I will do juſtice to my cotemporaries, and give them their due ſhare of praiſe, where they have either ſtruck out new inventions, or improved and brought old ones to perfection. Some of them I ſhall now mention.

THE moſt zealous and partial advocate for the ancients will not, I believe, pretend to diſpute the infinite ſuperiority of the moderns in the art of healing. Hippocrates,

pocrates, Celſus and Galen had no ſpecifics. They rather endeavoured to relieve than pretended to cure. As for the aſtoniſhing cures of Æſculapius, I do not put them into the account: they are to be aſcribed to his power, not to his ſkill: he was a god, and his divinity was his NOSTRUM. But how prodigiouſly have my ingenious cotemporaries extended the bounds of medicine! What noſtrums, what ſpecifics, have they not diſcovered! Collectively conſidered, they inſure not only perfect health, but by a neceſſary conſequence, immortality; inſomuch that I am aſtoniſhed when I ſtill read in the bills of mortality the great numbers of people who chuſe to die of ſuch and ſuch diſtempers, for every one of which there are infallible and ſpecific cures, not only advertiſed but atteſted in all the news-papers.

WHEN the lower ſort of Iriſh, in the moſt uncivilized parts of Ireland, attend the funeral of a deceaſed friend or neighbour, before they give the laſt parting howl, they expoſtulate with the dead body, and reproach him with having died, notwithſtanding that he had an excellent wife, a milch cow, ſeven fine children, and a competency of potatoes. Now though all theſe, particularly the excellent wife, are very good things in a ſtate of perfect health, they cannot, as I apprehend, be looked upon as preventive either of ſickneſs or of death; but with how much more reaſon may we expoſtulate with, and cenſure thoſe of our cotemporaries, who either from obſtinacy or incredulity, die in this great metropolis, or indeed in this kingdom, when they may prevent or cure, at a trifling expence, not only all diſtempers, but even old age and death itſelf! *The renovating elixir infallibly reſtores priſtine youth and vigour, be the patient ever ſo old and decayed*; and that without loſs of time or buſineſs; whereas the ſame operation among the ancients was both tedious and painful, as it required a thorough boiling of the patient.

THE moſt inflammatory and intrepid fevers fly at the firſt diſcharge of Dr. James's powder; and a drop or pill of the celebrated Mr. Ward corrects all the malignity of Pandora's box.

OUGHT not every man of great birth and eſtate, who for many years has been afflicted with the POSTEROMANIA, or rage of having poſterity, a diſtemper very common among perſons of that ſort; ought he not, I ſay, to be aſhamed of having no iſſue male to perpetuate his illuſtrious

trious name and title, when for ſo ſmall a ſum as three-and-ſix-pence, he and his lady might be ſupplied with a ſufficient quantity of the VIVIFYING DROPS, which infallibly cure imbecility in men, and barrenneſs in women, though of never ſo long ſtanding?

ANOTHER very great diſcovery of the moderns in the art of healing is, the infallible cure of the king's-evil, though never ſo inveterate, by only the touch of a lawful king, the right heir of Adam: for that is eſſentially neceſſary. The ancients were unacquainted with this ineſtimable ſecret; and even Solomon the ſon of David, the wiſeſt of kings, knew nothing of the matter. But our Britiſh Solomon king James the firſt, a ſon of a David alſo, was no ſtranger to it, and practiſed it with ſucceſs. This fact is ſufficiently proved by experience; but if it wanted any corroborating teſtimony, we have that of the ingenious Mr. Carte, who in his incomparable hiſtory of England, aſſerts (and that in a marginal note too, which is always more material than the text) that he knew SOMEBODY, who was radically cured of a moſt obſtinate king's-evil, by the touch of SOMEBODY. As our ſagacious hiſtorian does not even intimate that this SOMEBODY took any thing of the other SOMEBODY for the cure, it were to be wiſhed that he had named his SOMEBODY, and his place of abode, for the benefit of the poor who are now reduced, and at ſome expence, to have recourſe to Mr. Vickers the clergyman. Beſides, I fairly confeſs myſelf to be perſonally intereſted in this inquiry, ſince this SOMEBODY muſt neceſſarily be the right heir of Adam, and conſequently I muſt have the honour of being related to him.

OUR laborious neighbours and kinſmen, the Germans, are not without their inventions and happy diſcoveries in the art of medicine; for they laugh at a wound through the heart, if they can but apply their powder of ſympathy——not to the wound itſelf, but to the ſword or bullet that made it.

HAVING now (at leaſt in my own opinion) fully proved the ſuperiority of the moderns over the ancients in the art of healing, I ſhall proceed to ſome other particulars, in which my cotemporaries will as juſtly claim, and I hope, be allowed the preference.

THE ingenious Mr. Warburton, in his Divine Legation of Moſes, very juſtly obſerves, that hieroglyphics were the beginning of letters; but at the ſame time he candidly allows that it was a very troubleſome and uncer-

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tain method of communicating one's Ideas; as it depended in a great meaſure on the writer's ſkill in drawing (an art little known in thoſe days) and as a ſtroke too much or too little, too high or too low, might be of the moſt dangerous conſequence, in religion, buſineſs, or love. Cadmus removed this difficulty by his invention of unequivocal letters; but then he removed it too much; for thoſe letters or marks, being the ſame throughout, and fixed alphabetically, ſoon became generally known, and prevented that ſecrecy which in many caſes was to be wiſhed for. This inconveniency ſuggeſted to the ancients the invention of cryptography and ſteganography, or a myſterious and unintelligible way of writing, by the help of which none but the correſponding parties who had the key could decypher the matter. But human induſtry ſoon refined upon this too; the art of decyphering was diſcovered, and the ſkill of the decypherer baffled all the labour of the cypherer. The ſecrecy of all literary correſpondence became precarious, and neither buſineſs nor love could any longer be ſafely truſted to paper. Such for a conſiderable time was the unhappy ſtate of letters, till the BEAU MONDE, an inventive race of people, found out a new kind of cryptography, or ſteganography, unknown to the ancients, and free from ſome of their inconveniencies. Lovers in general made uſe of it; controverſial writers commonly; and miniſters of ſtate ſometimes, in their moſt important diſpatches. It was writing in ſuch an unintelligible manner, and with ſuch obſcurity, that the correſponding parties themſelves neither underſtood, nor even gueſſed at each other's meaning; which was a moſt effectual ſecurity againſt all the accidents to which letters are liable by being either miſlaid or intercepted. But this method too, though long purſued, was alſo attended with ſome inconveniencies. It frequently produced miſtakes, by ſcattering falſe lights upon that friendly darkneſs, ſo propitious to buſineſs and love. But our inventive neighbours, the French, have very lately removed all theſe inconveniencies, by the happy diſcovery of a new kind of paper, as pleaſing to the eye, as conducive to the diſpatch, the clearneſs, and at the ſame time, the ſecrecy of all literary correſpondences. My worthy friend Mr. Dodſley lately brought me a ſample of it, upon which, if I miſtake not, he will make very conſiderable improvements, as my countrymen often do upon the inventions of other nations. This ſheet of paper I conjectured

jectured to be the ground-work and principal material of a tender and paſſionate letter from a fine gentleman to a fine lady; though in truth it might very well be the whole letter itſelf. At the top of the firſt page was delineated a lady with very red cheeks, and a very large hoop, in the faſhionable attitude of knotting, and of making a very genteel retrograde French curteſy. This evidently appears to ſtand for MADAM, and ſaves the time and trouble of writing it. At the bottom of the third page was painted a very fine well-dreſt gentleman, with his hat under his left arm, and his right hand upon his heart, bowing moſt reſpectfully low; which ſingle figure, by an admirable piece of brachygraphy or ſhort-hand, plainly conveys this deep ſenſe, and ſtands inſtead of theſe many words, *I have the honour to be, with the tendereſt and warmeſt ſentiments, madam, your moſt inviolably attached, faithful humble ſervant.* The margin of the paper, which was about half an inch broad, was very properly decorated with all the emblems of triumphant beauty, and tender ſuffering paſſion. Groups of lillies, roſes, pearls, corals, ſuns and ſtars, were intermixed with chains, bearded ſhafts, and bleeding hearts. Such a ſheet of paper I confeſs ſeems to me to be a complete letter; and I would adviſe all fine gentlemen whoſe time I know is precious, to avail themſelves of this admirable invention: it will ſave them a great deal of time and perhaps ſome thought; and I cannot help thinking that were they even to take the trouble of filling up the paper with the tendereſt ſentiments of their hearts, or the moſt ſhining flights of their fancy, they would add no energy or delicacy to thoſe types and ſymbols of the lady's conqueſt, and their own captivity and ſufferings.

Theſe blank letters (if I may call them ſo, when they convey ſo much) will mock the jealous curioſity of huſbands and fathers, who will in vain hold them to the fire to elicit the ſuppoſed juice of lemon, and upon whom they may afterwards paſs for a piece of innocent pleaſantry.

THE dulleſt of my readers muſt, I am ſure, by this time be aware, that the utility of this invention extends, *mutatis mutandis*, to whatever can be the ſubject of letters, and with much leſs trouble, and much more ſecrecy, propriety and elegancy than the old way of writing.

A painter of but moderate ſkill and fancy may in a very ſhort time have reams of ready-painted paper by him